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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6V

'VENGEANCE ON VAROS'

Tx1985

by

Philip Martin

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" 'VENGEANCE ON VAROS' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
PERI
GOVERNOR
CHIEF OFFICER
SIL
JONDAR
ARETA
ARAK
ETTA
BAX
MALDAK
TECHNICIAN
RONDEL

N/S:

ATTENDANTS TO SIL
GUARDS, TECHNICIANS, PRISONERS
MAKE-UP GIRL
SCRIPT GIRL

* * * * *

SETS:

Tardis Console Room
Governor's Office
Etta and Arak's Cell
Corridor(s)
Prison Dome, Corridor Junction
Purple Zone
Communications Centre

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO"

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'VENGEANCE ON VAROS'

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EPISODE ONE

1. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.
JUNCTION.

(THE WALLS OF THE
CORRIDOR ARE OF A
ROUGH ROCKLIKE
TEXTURE.

OPEN UP ON RANDOM
LASER BEAM EMITER
(RLBE), THIS
COMPRISES A LARGE
SQUARE FRAME FROM
WHICH PROTRUDE A
SERIES OF TUBES
THAT STREAM DIFFERENT
COLOURED BANDS OF
LIGHT THAT ARE
DIRECTED TOWARD
THE OPPOSITE WALL
WHERE A RAGGED
PRISONER, JONDAR,
TWENTY-ONE, IS
CHAINED.

THE RLBE BEGINS TO
HUM AND PULSATE.

JONDAR ALERTS WITH
SUDDEN FEAR AND
APPREHENSION AS
THE MACHINE BEGINS
TO BUILD TOWARDS
POWER EMISSION.

SWEATING, JONDAR
TWISTS AND TURNS
IN HIS CHAINS AS
THE FIRST BEAM
SEARS INTO THE
WALL NEXT TO HIM.

JONDAR DODGES IT
SUCCESSFULLY THEN
CHANGES HIS POSITION
AS ANOTHER BEAM
HITS THE SPOT HE
HAS JUST OCCUPIED.

THE THIRD BEAM
TOUCHES HIS SIDE.

JONDAR SCREAMS,
THROWS BACK HIS
HEAD AND STARES
UP IN AGONY AT
THE RED EYE OF A
SMALL TELEVISION
CAMERA THAT IS
MONITORING HIS
PLIGHT FROM ABOVE)

2. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(A TECHNICIAN, BAX, TWENTY, WEARING THE ORANGE UNIFORM OF THE COMM DIVISION IS SCANNING A BANK OF MONITORS AND EQUIPMENT.

ON MAIN SCREEN IS THE AGONISED FACE OF JONDAR STARING, BAX SHIFTS MAIN MONITOR INTO A BIG CLOSE-UP OF JONDAR)

3. INT. CELL.

(A SMALL SPARSE CELL-LIKE ROOM DOMINATED BY A WALL THAT IS A TELEVISION SCREEN AND WHICH IS SHOWING THE B.C.U. OF JONDAR THAT ENDED SCENE TWO.

FACING THE VIEWING WALL IMPASSIVELY IS ETTA.

ARAK, HER HUSBAND, ENTERS BEGRIMED AND WEARING THE BLACK UNIFORM OF THE MINING CLASS.

HE SURVEYS THE VIEWING WALL SOURLY)

ARAK: (NODDING AT SCREEN) Not him again ...

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: Comm Div must be runnin' short've rebos to laserise.

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: (NODDING AT SCREEN) Rubbish ... he's not hurt ... only acting ...

ETTA: Yeh.

ARAK: My ration ready?

ETTA: Yeh.

(PAUSES, WAITS FOR
ETTA TO GET HIS
MEAL, SHE MAKES NO
MOVE)

ARAK: I'll get it myself then.

(ETTA, WHO HAS NOT
SHIFTED HER GAZE
FROM THE WALL
SCREEN FOR AN
INSTANT:)

ETTA: Yeh.

4. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(JONDAR TWISTING FROM
SIDE TO SIDE, AS
LASER BEAMS STREAM
TOWARDS HIM AGAIN)

5. INT. CELL.

(ETTA STILL STARING
AT SCREEN.

ARAK ENTERING
CARRYING A PLATE
ON WHICH ARE
SQUARE CUBES OF
RATION CONCENTRATE.

HE REGARDS SCREEN
THEN HIS MEAL WITH
EQUAL CONTEMPT)

ARAK: This all?

ETTA: Only workfeed I could get.

ARAK: How can I work, dig on
this ... it wouldn't fill a
clinker-mole's belly let alone
a working man's.

ETTA: There's shortages ... maybe
more to come ... there's a
Governor's punch-in vote tonight.

ARAK: Voting ... voting ... this
Governor calls a punch-in everytime
he wants to change his trousers ...
sooner he gets ruled out the
better ...

ETTA: What would the next one
do better?

ARAK: Everything ... anything.
(EATS) Ugh ... what is this I'm
eating, Etta?

ETTA: Her at the food-dole
couldn't say. Feed factory ran
out of labels ...

(ARAK THRUSTS PLATE
AWAY.

ETTA GRABS FOR IT,
ARAK MOVES PLATE
AWAY)

ARAK: Get off. I want it to
chuck at the screen when your
beloved Sir Governor begs my
vote.

ETTA: (PRIMLY) Attacking
Commtech property can bring loss
of viewing rights. Way you're
thinking you'll be in that one's
place ... (POINTS AT SCREEN)
Like to see how far you'd get
in the Dome of Punishment (SNIGGERS)
not even survive the first
distort section.

ARAK: Living with you prepares
me to survive anything ...

(THEY WATCH SCREEN
WHICH SHOWS A HALT
TO RLBE BEAM
ACTIVITY.

JONDAR SLUMPS WITH
RELIEF AND EXHAUSTION)

Why have they stopped? Pathetic
... when did they last show some-
thing worth watching. (SIGHS)
When did we last see a decent
execution?

ETTA: Last week.

ARAK: What?

ETTA: The blind man?

ARAK: (SCORN) That was a repeat.

ETTA: It wasn't. You're thinking about that infiltrator and he wasn't blind, not at the beginning anyway.

ARAK: Yes, he was ... (YAWNS)
I'm going to sleep.

ETTA: You can't, you have to vote ...

(TAKES OUT A VOTE-BOX,
AN ELECTRONIC DEVICE
WITH TWO HANDLES
SHAPED 'YES' AND 'NO')

ARAK: Do it for me.

ETTA: (HORRIFIED) You want Polcorps calling here? Do you ... Arak?

ARAK: (YAWNS) How would they know it wasn't me voting?

ETTA: (HARD) I'd tell them.

6. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR IS
FIDDLING ABOUT
WITH SOME
ELECTRONICS
INSIDE A ROUNDAL.

WITH A SUDDEN
FLOURISH HE SLAMS
THE ROUNDAL SHUT)

THE DOCTOR: That's it!

PERI: (DOURLY) I don't
believe it.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS
TO FACE PERI)

THE DOCTOR: I haven't told
you what I've done.

PERI: You sound confident. I
don't think I want to know.

THE DOCTOR: What's the matter
with you?

PERI: Everytime you sound
confident nowadays, something
terrible seems to happen.

THE DOCTOR: (TRYING TO REMEMBER)
Does it? (SHOUTS) What do you
mean.

PERI: Since we left Telos, you've caused three electrical fires, a total power failure and a near collision with a storm of asteroids. Not only that, you've twice managed to get lost in the Tardis corridors, wipe the memory of the flight computer and jettison three-quarters of the storage hold. You even managed to burn the dinner last night.

THE DOCTOR: I've never said I was perfect.

PERI: If you recall, last night we had a cold supper.

THE DOCTOR: That was an unfortunate accident.

PERI: Before each and every unfortunate accident you have said in a loud, confident voice: 'That's it!' And to be honest, Doc, I am getting tired of clearing up the mess or being thrown around the Tardis like the teddy bear of some psychotic baby.

THE DOCTOR: Have you finished?

PERI: For the moment.

THE DOCTOR: It's a good thing I like you.

PERI: At the moment, the feeling isn't mutual.

THE DOCTOR: What more can I do? I've cleared up as you requested. I've stabilised the chamelion circuit.

PERI: So now what will we materialise as?

THE DOCTOR: (AWKWARDLY) I think, the police box.

PERI: Better than a pyramid or Nelson's column.

THE DOCTOR: We have never materialised as Nelson's column.

PERI: We did as pyramid ... on the frozen plains of Ewan Nine. Remember?

THE DOCTOR: It's a good thing I'm a tolerant man, because sometimes you push me too far.

PERI: You're the most inconsistent and intolerant man I've ever met.

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Intolerant?
(PONDERING) Intolerant ...
(EXPLODES) Intolerant! Me, intolerant!

PERI: Then why are you shouting?

THE DOCTOR: Because ...

(THE TARDIS JUDDERS)

Because there's something wrong.

PERI: What?

(THE DOCTOR LISTENING
TO THE SOUND OF THE
TARDIS:)

THE DOCTOR: Schh ... there's something amiss in the power transmission units.

PERI: Still? After all the work you've done?

THE DOCTOR: It's the one area I didn't check.

PERI: Oh, great. Aren't there emergency power circuits or something.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... (CHECKS A DIAL) But it seems as if that function is about to become defunct too ...

PERI: Great. Well, do something, don't shilly-shally, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Trouble is, Peri, we're faced with a conundrum wrapped up in a dilemma.

PERI: What's that mean?

THE DOCTOR: We may well be stuck in a limbo of time and space.

PERI: (HORRIFIED) For how long?

THE DOCTOR: Evermore?

7. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(A SPARSE BUT
COMFORTABLE
ENOUGH WORKING
AND LIVING SPACE
WITH A DESK AND
T.V. EQUIPMENT
FACING IT.

ALSO RAISED UP
ABOVE THE DESK
A HUMAN CELL
DISINTEGRATOR
(HCD) THAT IS
LINKED TO THE
VOTING FIGURES
THAT APPEAR ON
A SCREEN ON THE
WALL OPPOSITE TO
THE GOVERNOR'S
DESK.

WHEN THE VOTE
IS FAVOURABLE
TO THE GOVERNOR A
YELLOW EFFUSION
OF LIGHT POURS
DOWN UPON HIM
GIVING HIM ENERGY
AND OPTIMISM AND
ENHANCED LIFEFORCE.

WHEN THE OPPOSITE
IS THE CASE GREEN
AND RED RAYS POUR
DOWN CAUSING A
PROPORTION OF HIS
CELLS TO BE DESTROYED,
PESSIMISM TO RULE AND
THE JUICES OF HIS BEING
TO BE DEPLETED.

NOW, THE WHITE
UNIFORMED GOVERNOR
PACES BACK AND
FORTH BEHIND HIS
DESK WATCHED BY
THE ALIEN, SIL, THE
REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE GALATRON MINING
CORPORATION.

SIL IS SMALL,
REPTILIAN, A
NATIVE OF THE
WATERY WORLD
OF THOROS-BETA.

HE IS SUPPORTED
IN A WATER TANK
BY TWO HUSKY
HELMETED BODY
SERVANTS.

SIL LIFTS HIS VOICE
BOX AND SPEAKS INTO
IT WITH A HIGH SHRILL
WHINE THAT IS TRANSLATED
(NOT ALWAYS ACURATELY)
INTO ENGLISH)

SIL: You are a reasonable man ...
lower the price of your commodity
a little, please.

GOVERNOR: My people deserve fair
prices for the Zeiton 7 ore ...

SIL: Who else will buy from you
if my Corporation withdraws its
contract?

GOVERNOR: We'll have to find
other outlets I should think.

SIL: You are not a rich planet ...
Zeiton is all you have to sell.

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GOVERNOR: There are other exports. We are expanding into entertainment and communications with some success ...

SIL: How?

GOVERNOR: The Punishment Dome, we sell tapes of what happens there.

(SIL LAUGHS
EERILY)

SIL: That is enterprising ... your idea, Governor?

GOVERNOR: Yes.

SIL: Are they really disturbing these videos you sell ...?

GOVERNOR: They show what befalls those who refuse to obey the orders by which Varosians must live.

SIL: Torture, blindness, executions?

GOVERNOR: All the functions of the Punishment Dome are recorded as warnings to miscreants everywhere.

SIL: But they entertain as well as instruct?

GOVERNOR: You must ask my Chief Officer, he is responsible for Commtech Division product.

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SIL: I would hope to help
organise your sales exports
if you consent to lower your
Zeiton price.

GOVERNOR: I can't. Sorry.

(SIL BECOMES
ENRAGED)

SIL: Then my patience is
exhausted and spent totally!

(THE CHIEF OFFICER,
A FLORID OVERWEIGHT
MAN IN HIS MID-
FORTIES, ENTERS)

CHIEF: The people are anxious
for a decision on the new price
of our product.

GOVERNOR: Negotiations between
ourselves and Galtron Mining is
far from complete, the broadcast
must be delayed.

CHIEF: Impossible. The rules
must be obeyed by Governors as
well as prisoners.

GOVERNOR: What is the difference?

CHIEF: What point have you
reached, gentlemen?

SIL: Stalemates. On contract,
royalties, everything ...

CHIEF: (TENTATIVELY) Surely a
little movement regarding cost ...

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SIL: Already I have gone beyond my authority to meet the stubbornness of this Governor.

GOVERNOR: We must have an increase of price ... we must!

SIL: I will wait ... perhaps the next Governor will be more sensible of reality.

GOVERNOR: I am the Governor. You deal with me.

SIL: But tonight you must place yourself at the mercy of the votes of your people. Should they not agree with your stubborn stance ... you may be obliterated.

(LAUGHS EERILY)

CHIEF: He is right, sir.

GOVERNOR: I am not afraid to die. My family have served and perished at the will of the people ... now if it is my turn, (SHRUGS FATALISTICALLY) so be it.

(SITS IN HIS CHAIR.

ABOVE HIM THE HCD
ACTIVATES.

THE GOVERNOR GLANCES
UP.

FACES THE CAMERA
RESOLUTELY)

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8. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(ROTOR OSCILLATING,
THEN STOPPING.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS,
OPERATES CONTROLS.

NOTHING HAPPENS)

THE DOCTOR: That's interesting ...
not to say arresting.

PERI: Where are we?

THE DOCTOR: Neither here nor
there.

PERI: Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Somewhere, let's
see ...

(TRIES CONTROLS
AGAIN. NOTHING
HAPPENS.

THE DOCTOR
ACTIVATES
SCANNER.

IT SHOWS A
CLUSTER OF
GALAXIES WHICH
THE DOCTOR STUDIES)

Mm, stalled in the equivalent
of a galactic layby ... see ...

(POINTS AT SCREEN)

PERI: No.

THE DOCTOR: Between Cetes
and Sculptor. Materialised
into actual and temporal void.

(THE DOCTOR TRIES
CONTROLS AGAIN
WITHOUT SUCCESS)

PERI: Why won't it move,
Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: This is the one
occurrence the Tardis cannot
overcome. Like everything in
the Universe, it cannot move
without power or energy.

(SLUMPS HOPELESSLY)

PERI: But we can ... Doctor.
Don't give up ... Doctor, please!

THE DOCTOR: (GLOOMILY) It's
all right for you Peri ...

PERI: Me ... why is it OK for
me?

THE DOCTOR: You have only one
life ... you will age here in
the Tardis then die ... me I
will go on regenerating kept
prisoner here for evermore.

9. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR AT HIS DESK.
GLANCES UP AS CHIEF
AND GUARDS ENTER)

CHIEF: I'm sorry, Sil refuses
to increase his offer ...

GOVERNOR: I have to appear
before Viewpop soon, propose
further austerities, food dole,
work-feed cuts ... they won't
accept it ... the vote against
me will be overwhelming.
(STOICALLY) We know what that
will do.

(GLANCES UPWARDS)

CHIEF: The Constitution
requires that Governors who
fail to please the majority
must suffer. It is the price
of failure.

GOVERNOR: Even unto death. I
wish I had something to offer the
people of Varos ... something to
give them hope.

(CHIEF BENDS TO SPEAK
QUIETLY)

CHIEF: Bend the truth a
little ... imply you expect
to squeeze a few million extra
credits out of the Galatron
negotiations ... and if you
don't, well, fools have short
memories ...

(BAX, THE
TECHNICIAN
RESPONSIBLE
FOR BROADCASTING
ENTERS, FOLLOWED
BY MAKE-UP AND
SCRIPT GIRLS)

BAX: You must make ready,
sir ...

GOVERNOR: Yes ... yes ...

(MAKE-UP GIRL TAKES
OUT GOVERNOR'S
BEARD LINE.

GOVERNOR SITS AT
DESK. HE IS
FIDGETY AND
FEARFUL, OTHERS
LEAVE HIM WITHIN
THE CONFINES OF
HIS OFFICE.

GOVERNOR GLANCES
AT THE HCD PANE
ABOVE HIM.

LIGHT ON CAMERA
GLOWS, GOVERNOR'S
MANNER CHANGES
NOTICABLY.

HE LEANS TOWARDS
CAMERA, SMILING
WITH A SINCERE
ASSUMPTION OF
QUIET CONFIDENCE)

Good evening ...

10. INT. COMMUNICATION CENTRE.

(THIS ADJOINS
GOVERNOR'S DOMAIN.

CHIEF AND SIL)

SIL: Decision when?

CHIEF: Soon ... soon ...

SIL: Like this Governor we
do not. Replace you must
arrange most soon. That is
what our secret payments
to you are for.

CHIEF: My dear Sil, a little
patience is all that is
required. Trust me.

SIL: Do you think he
suspects the truth of
matters.

CHIEF: No. He simply wants
a better deal.

SIL: Maybe I should dispense
with your payoffs, offer that
and you up to him ...

CHIEF: You really mustn't
threaten me ... you need
me for what you hope
to gain here.

SIL: If I do not succeed
one way I favour another ...
enough talk, I would wish
to witness the suffering
moments of this fool
governorship.

11. INT. CELL.

(GOVERNOR ON SCREEN,
TALKING AND SMILING.

ETTA AND ARAK
WATCHING WITH
THE VOTING
COMMUNICATION
BOX BEFORE THEM)

GOVERNOR: As always I seek
ways to market the resources
of our poor planet.

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Blah blah ...
blah ... get to the point ...

ETTA: Shut your mouth.

GOVERNOR: Seven credits per
unit of Zeiton ore mined is what
I asked ...

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) You won't get
it.

ETTA: One more yak out've you
Arak and you're down on my
viewstat report as a subvert.

ARAK: Entitled to an opinion ...

ETTA: Entitled to a vote is all.

ARAK: Know how I'll use that
then.

(ON SCREEN GOVERNOR
LEANS TOWARDS
CAMERA)

GOVERNOR: Viewers of Varos,
I ask that we agree to hold
out for what is a fair price
for our principal marketable
resource - that of Zeiton ore.
Those who wish to fight along-
side me for a prosperous
tomorrow vote 'Yes' to a ten
per cent reduction of our
food rations ... those who wish
for full bellies today and
nothing to eat tomorrow have
the option to punch their
'No' button.

(GOVERNOR LEANS BACK.

ARAK PUNCHES 'NO'
BUTTON. ETTA
NEUTRALISES HIS
VOTE BY VOTING
'YES')

12. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(SCREEN SHOWING 'YES'
633,156, 'NO' 987,627.

GOVERNOR BRACES
HIMSELF AS SCREEN
THEN READS 'GOVERNOR'S
RECOMMENDATION
DEAFEATED'.

ON THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR
METAL CONSTRAINTS
AUTOMATICALLY
STRAP ONTO HIS ARMS.

THE CELL DIMINISHING
PROCESS STARTS.

FROM THE HCD DEVICE,
RAYS OF RED AND
GREED POUR DOWN ON
THE HAPLESS GOVERNOR
WHO CLENCHES HIS
MUSCLES IN AN ATTEMPT
TO RESIST THE PAIN
OF THE BOMBARDMENT)

13. INT. CELL.

(GOVERNOR FACE ON
SCREEN TRYING
TO CONTROL HIS AGONY.

ARAK EXCITED, STANDS)

ARAK: He's lost! Go on, pour it
on and on! He's going ... yes, he's
snuffed it!

ETTA: No ... no! (COVERS HER
EYES) Has he?

(ON SCREEN BOMBARDMENT
CEASES.

GOVERNOR SLUMPS
AS THE RESTRAINT
CLAMPS RELEASE HIM)

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Next time ...
next time for sure!

ETTA: He's strong. That's three
losin' votes in a row.

ARAK: Next vote will see him
blasted out for sure. No one's
ever taken four bashings from
that cell disintergrator thing.

ETTA: I wish you'd leave him
alone ...

ARAK: Why should I? He's the
worst Governor we've had since ...
since.

ETTA: (QUIETLY) Since the last
one.

14. INT. COMMUNICATION CENTRE.

(SIL AND CHIEF.

BAX AT CONTROLS
OF MONITORS BEHIND
THEM.

GUARDS ON DOOR)

SIL: Is the Governor no more?

BAX: He's survived ... just ...

SIL: (TO THE CHIEF) We must
arrange good riddance of this bad
Governor soon.

CHIEF: (SOOTHINGLY) He is
weakened by the HCD bombardment.
Engage him in negotiation now
and you may gain advantage.

SIL: See we will.

(DOOR OF GOVERNOR'S
QUARTERS OPENS.

GUARDS ALERT.
GOVERNOR SHAKEN
AND SWEATING STARES
OUT AT THEM)

GOVERNOR: Permission to leave
Governor's domain ...

(CHIEF NODS TO
GUARDS.

GOVERNOR JOINS
SIL AND CHIEF)

CHIEF: (TO GOVERNOR) You survived the vote, sir. Congratulations.

SIL: Soon your death will be apparent ...

(CACKLES WITH
EERIE LAUGHTER)

You will see.

(GOVERNOR SWAYS
WITH FATIGUE.

SIL SEES HIS
CHANCE FOR ADVANTAGE)

Should we try again to reach agreement before I must communicate with my Executive Council?

GOVERNOR: (WEARILY) Later ...

SIL: Now or never.

GOVERNOR: Very well ...

SIL: (TO HIS ATTENDANTS) Transport me to the office of the Governor.

(HIS ATTENDANTS
LIFT HIM AND BEAR
HIM TOWARDS GOVERNOR'S
QUARTERS.

GOVERNOR WIPES HIS
HANDS OF PERSPIRATION)

GOVERNOR: I am so tired.

CHIEF: I warned the people would not accept yet more rationing cuts for whatever reason ...

GOVERNOR: This system of referendum, how much longer can I survive.

CHIEF: One more vote?

BAX: Do something to please, to entertain, to please the people. Just to give yourself time to regain your strength.

(POINTS AT MAIN
MONITOR SCREEN
WHICH SHOWS
PRISONER FACING
LASER GRILLE)

Why not give them the life of the rebel Jondar ... it's his death or yours.

GOVERNOR: It would have to be something different.

BAX: Can I suggest by laser obliteration, sir, by a concentrated build-up of power ... neutralise the 'Q' switch ... that way the Random Laser Emitter builds up to a giant pulse of light, an explosion of focused laser energy that will wipe the prisoner out of existence ...

GOVERNOR: We have never shown that style of dispatch...

CHIEF: Too quick ... it would be over in a second, we wouldn't be able to sell so swift an execution.

BAX: It's the uncertainty ... no one knows quite when the power will blow ... we could maybe get ten minutes of tension out of his fear and apprehension.

CHIEF: It's novel, I suppose ...

BAX: I'm sure the video of his execution would sell. (TO GOVERNOR) You said we must export or die.

GOVERNOR: Yes I did. Very well, arrange it ... and Bax ...

BAX: Sir?

GOVERNOR: Thank you for the suggestion.

(BAX NODS.

SPEAKS INTO
MICROPHONE ON HIS
CONSOLE)

BAX: End random pulses ...
conserve C/B, Inform Prison
Control Centre, activate viewer
warning of imminent public
execution.

(AS BAX OPERATES
SWITCHES ON MAIN
MONITOR ON SCREEN
THE WORD 'EXECUTION'
BEGINS TO FLASH)

15. INT. PRSION DOME. CORRIDOR
JUNCTION.

(JONDAR FACING
LASER GRILLE.

GRILLE SUDDENLY
GLOWING, STARTING
TO BUILD UP POWER.

HE REACTS FEARFULLY)

16. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR SITTING
AGAINST A WALL
STARING MOROSELY AHEAD.)

PERI ENTERS CARRYING
A THICK SERVICE
MANUAL)

PERI: (OFFERING IT TO DOCTOR)
Here, a little something to
stop you sighing like a steam
engine.

THE DOCTOR: What is it?

PERI: Service manual, I found
it propping open a vent in the
workshop.

THE DOCTOR: Oh, yes ... (TAKES
MANUAL) I did read it once ...

(TOSSES IT
LISTLESSLY ASIDE)

PERI: Hey, won't that tell you
what's wrong with the Tardis?

THE DOCTOR: I know exactly what
category of disaster has
befallen us.

PERI: The comparator?

THE DOCTOR: No ... not this time.

(PICKS UP MANUAL)

I'll just confirm my diagnosis ...
(FEELS THE WEIGHT) Be something
to pass eternity with I
suppose ...

(OPENS MANUAL
TO READ)

17. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR
JUNCTION.

(GUARDS PATROL
CAR MOVING TOWARDS
JONDAR AND LASER
GRILLE.

JONDAR WATCHING
THEM APPREHENSIVELY)

18. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(DOCTOR STILL READING
MANUAL.

PERI, FRUSTRATED,
PRESSES SWITCH ON
CONTROL PANEL.

THE ROTOR COLUMN
MOVES A LITTLE THEN
STOPS)

PERI: Doctor the column moved!

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS UP)

THE DOCTOR: Some power must still
be filtering through to the
transitional elements ...

(LEAPS UP WITH
SUDDEN ENTHUSIASM)

which would mean ...

(LEAPS FRANTICALLY
THROUGH PAGES)

Where? ... Ah, yes ... yes ...
here ...

(THRUSTS MANUAL
AT PERI)

Don't lose the place ... and don't
give up hope ... not yet ...

PERI: (WRYLY) Yes, Doctor.

19. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(SIL WATCHING
GOVERNOR FACING
TELEVISION CAMERA)

GOVERNOR: I bow to ... the will of the Varc people on food rations ... another attempt will be made to obtain better terms for the mining of our resources. One other pronouncement ... as Governor I hold final say as to the appeal against sentence of death. The rebel, Jondar, although enduring his pre-execution ordeal well, must, nevertheless, suffer the fate of all who transgress the rules of our society. At 8 o'clock then, attend to your screens to witness what must befall all who oppose the reality of our just constitution.

20. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR CHECKING
READINGS ON PANELS.

PERI HOLDING SERVICE
MANUAL OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: TR reading from the
I/V table?

PERI: (SCANNING PAGES) Is it in
the hypertime ratio section ...?

THE DOCTOR: Where else?

PERI: Orthogonal reading
should be Z S + 101 EQ?

THE DOCTOR: Squared?

PERI: Er ... yes.

THE DOCTOR: That's as it should
be ... the power conversion
factor seems stable ... so why
aren't we receiving full
transmission of that power?

(FROWNS, FIDDLES
WITH SWITCH)

There's a possibility ... may I?

(TAKES MANUAL,
SCANS IT INTENTLY
THEN BECOMES
ABSTRACTED)

PERI: Doctor ... what is it?

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid we may have problems that could be insoluble unless I can ... yes, we'll try ...

(PRESSES A SERIES
OF SWITCHES.

THEN CROSSES HIS
FINGERS.

THE COLUMN MOVES
AND FLIGHT RESUMES)

PERI: It's working ...

THE DOCTOR: With the last vestiges of our emergency power booster ... enough for a limited flight but no more ... What depresses me most is that the transitional elements have lost their capacity to generate orbital energy and should ... must be replaced.

PERI: How long would that take?

THE DOCTOR: No time at all, if we can obtain enough Zeiton 7 to reline the trans/power system the Tardis will be like, well, as she was. No, it's not the fitting that will be a problem. Zeiton 7 is a rare element of the universe. It's to be found on only one planet.

PERI: Let's make for there, then.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm. (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR PUNCHES
UP A FULL STATUS
REPORT THEN
PROJECTS A
CONSTELLATION CHART)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) If we use the
emergency power unit to
temporarily bypass the failing
Zeiton 7 circuits we might just
reach the Planet of Varos in the
galaxy of Cetes. Problem is
when ... if we miss their mining
era we'd be stranded for evermore.

PERI: Anything's better than
being stuck here ...

THE DOCTOR: (GRIMLY) That shows
you know nothing of Varos.

21. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUCTION.

(JONDAR FACING
RLBE.

CHIEF OFFICER
READING NOTICE OF
EXECUTION TO PRISONER.

GUARDS WITH CHIEF
AND A PATROL
CAR BEHIND)

CHIEF: For sedition, thought rebellion and incitement of other rebels to organise, to unionise and to terrorise the work force of Varos, the vote of the people was for your death to take place by laser obliteration.

JONDAR: The Governor was to consider my appeal.

CHIEF: Our Governor bows to the will of his people. As System Arbiter and Chief Officer I confirm that conditions of our constitution have been complied with. I therefore permit the execution to proceed.

JONDAR: When?

CHIEF: At 8 o'clock. (SMILES)
You have ample time to compose yourself for eternity, all of five short minutes. (cont...)

(FLICKS SWITCH AT
REAR OF RLBE GRILLE.

(CHIEF TURNS AWAY,
POSTS ONE GUARD.
TAKES HIM ASIDE)

CHIEF: (cont) It isn't exactly
certain when obliteration will
take place. Stand clear of
the execution site ... You
have your anti-hallucination .
helmet?

GUARD: Yes, sir.

CHIEF: Switched on?

GUARD: Sir.

CHIEF: I would't wish one of
my Guards to succumb to the
phantoms of the punishment dome ...
not with all of Varos watching.

GUARD: No, sir ...

(CHIEF TURNS AWAY.

PATROL CAR WITHDRAWS.

GUARD CHECKS HELMET
SWITCH, BACKS AWAY
SEVERAL PACES,
FIDDLES WITH HIS BEAM
GUN ON HIS BELT THEN
WATCHES JONDAR
AND THE RLBE WHICH
IS STARTING TO
BUILD UP TOWARDS A
MAXIMUM EMISSION.
AS IT DOES SO THE SOUNDS
OF TARDIS MATERIALISATION
BEGIN TO BE HEARD
BEHIND GUARD.

HE TURNS, LOOKING
FOR SOURCE OF SOUND.

WE SEE THE TARDIS
MATERIALISE FULLY
AROUND CORNER FROM
WHERE GUARD WAS
STANDING.

GUARD APPEARS,
SEES TARDIS.
WORRIEDLY TRIES
TO ADJUST HIS
HELMET SWITCH)

22. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(PERI GESTURES AT
SCANNER SCREEN
WHICH SHOWS A
WALL WITH EMPTY
CHAINS HANGING)

PERI: We're back in the middle
ages, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: No ... the latter
half of the 23rd century. Ah,
who's this come to welcome us?

(GUARD APPEARS ON
SCANNER SCREEN.
HE LEVELS ENERGY
WEAPON AND FIRES
AT TARDIS)

23. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.

(GUARD'S GUN BEAMS
GLANCING OFF TARDIS.

GUARD LOWERS GUN
SHAKES HIS HEAD
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.
SPEAKS INTO A
COMMUNICATIONS MICRO-
PHONE ON HIS UNIFORM)

GUARD: Guard Maldak 23, report
of fault on helmet hallucin
filter ... am experiencing
sensory distortion ...
permission to withdraw ...

INTERCOM: (CRACKLE) Stay-
until-after-execution!

GUARD: (INTO INTERCOM UNIT)
Understood.

(TURNS HIS BACK
ON TARDIS AND
RESUMES HIS
WATCH ON PRISONER)

24. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

PERI: Artificial atmosphere -
enclosed ... rock ... underground ...
breathable ...

THE DOCTOR: But distorted
readings from a nearby power
source.

(CHECKING INSTRUMENT
PANEL)

Somewhere round here ... yes,
carbon dioxide ... increasing ...
increasing, all the time.

PERI: What is this place ...
why did that man in uniform
fire at us then turn away as
if we didn't exist?

THE DOCTOR: Let's go and ask him.

25. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR, SIL AND
CHIEF WATCHING
WALL SCREEN INTENTLY
AS CLOSE UPS OF
LASER GRILLE AND
PRISONER ALTERNATE
TOGETHER WITH A
SUPER-IMPOSED
CLOCK THAT MOVES
ONTO TWO MINUTES
TO EIGHT O'CLOCK.

TECHNICIAN BURSTS
IN)

TECHNICIAN: Sir ... Chief, there's
something wrong ...

CHIEF: Be quiet ... attend to
your function.

TECHNICIAN: But ...

SIL: Silence. Execution is
apparent!

(SUPERIMPOSED CLOCK
SHOWS ONE MINUTE
TO EIGHT.

SIL SUDDENLY CACKLES
WITH LAUGHTER)

GOVERNOR: What is it?

SIL: This is most wonderful
entertainment!

26. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(GUARD BACK
WATCHING JONDAR.

THE DOCTOR AND PERI
THEN APPEARING
AND CREEPING UP ON
GUARD WHO AT THE
LAST MINUTE TURNS
AND LEVELS HIS
GUN AT THEM)

THE DOCTOR: Hello ...

(NODS TOWARDS JONDAR
AND GLOWING GRILLE)

Not interrupting anything?

GUARD: I know how this place
works. I know you are but a
product of my mind ... I choose
to resist you ... to know that
you cannot exist.

THE DOCTOR: Quite right.

GUARD: My anti-hallucin switch
is suffering malfunction ...

THE DOCTOR: That's what we've
come to fix, right Peri?

PERI: Sure.

THE DOCTOR: (TO GUARD) Give me
the switch ... c'mon, at once!

(GUARD REACHES FOR
HELMET INVOLUNTARILY.

THE DOCTOR GRABS
FOR GUN.

THEY STRUGGLE
TOWARDS GRILLE AND
JONDAR, WHO MANAGES
TO STRIKE GUARD
UNCONSCIOUS WITH A
BLOW TO THE BACK
OF THE NECK BY
MEANS OF HIS
CHAINED WRISTS)

27. INT. CELL.

(ARAK JUMPING UP
AND DOWN WITH
EXCITEMENT BEFORE
SCREEN AS GUARD
SLUMPS)

ARAK: That's better - bit of
action!

(TO SCREEN)

Go on, jump on his throat,
quick!

28. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(CONFUSION OF
DOCTOR'S RESCUE
ON SCREEN.

SIL SCREAMS WITH
RAGE AND FRUSTRATION)

SIL: (TO GOVERNOR) Is this
planned?

GOVERNOR: Certainly not.

(TO CHIEF)

What's happened?

CHIEF: I'll alert the IR Squad
immediately.

(BAX ENTERS)

BAX: Sir, there's another group
in the punishment dome.

(GOVERNOR TRIES TO
SHAKE OFF HIS
LETHARGY)

GOVERNOR: Rebels?

BAX: I don't know.

GOVERNOR: We must ... must act ...

(SHAKES HIS HEAD)

SIL: They must be apprehended,
sentenced, executed, all of them!

GOVERNOR: (TO CHIEF) Attend
to it.

(CHIEF LEAVES)

SIL: My company is only interested
in stable situations, Governor ...

GOVERNOR: Varos has been stable
for more than two hundred years.

SIL: See you remain so or a
most unfavourable report I will
give.

GOVERNOR: Yes, yes.

(GOVERNOR SWAYS WITH
TIREDNESS)

SIL: (TO ATTENDANT) Help him ...

(GOVERNOR IS HELPED
TO HIS CHAIR)

(TO GOVERNOR) Now, my dear friend,
what is good price for your
Zeiton Seven Ore?

GOVERNOR: Seven ... credits ...
to ... I'm ... so ...

(SLUMPS UNCONSCIOUS
ACROSS HIS DESK,
SIL LAUGHS)

SIL: (SCORNFULLY TO ATTENDANTS)
Seven credits a unit, when the engineers of every known solar system cry out for his product to drive their space-time craft. A planet of fools who don't realise their luck and do not deserve to.

(TO ATTENDANTS)

Return to our craft, alert the Council to have a colonising force sent to this sector.

(ATTENDANT LEAVES)

When I control this planet I will possess the means of power throughout this entire galaxy and perhaps for all others beyond!

29. INT. PRISON DOME. JUNCTION OF CORRIDORS.

(THE DOCTOR EXAMINING
RLBE WIRING INTENTLY.
THROWS 'Q' SWITCH OFF)

JONDAR: Help me ... whoever
you are, quickly ...

(STRAINS AGAINST
CHAINS.

THE DOCTOR HAS AN
IDEA)

THE DOCTOR: Peri ... pull him away
from the wall ...

PERI: Like this?

(PERI PULLS JONDAR
SO THAT HIS CHAINS
BECOME TAUT)

THE DOCTOR: Stay there ... like
that ... yes ... still ... hold ...
close your eyes, wish for luck,
here we go ...!

(FLICKS SWITCH AND
AIMS A BEAM AT
CHAIN THEN FLICKS
BEAM OFF ONCE CHAIN
IS BURNED APART.

AT THE TARDIS,
A RETRIEVAL SQUAD
CAR ARRIVES.

THE DOCTOR AND
COMPANY DO NOT
HEAR IT)

JONDAR: Who are you?

(THE DOCTOR FREEING
JONDAR FROM CHAINS)

THE DOCTOR: Let's get back to
my Tardis ... I'll explain
there ...

(TAKES A STEP IN
THAT DIRECTION THEN
STOPS AS PATROL CAR
TURNS CORNER)

PERI: Doctor! (POINTS AT CAR)

THE DOCTOR: But then again
retreat elsewhere might be a
more viable idea ...

(THEY RUN BACK
TO THE LASER DEVICE)

PERI: We'll not get clear,
Doctor ...!

THE DOCTOR: Wait ... help me ...
pull ... this round ...

(THEY HAUL THE RLBE
GRILLE AROUND TO FACE
THE ONCOMING CAR.

THE DOCTOR ADJUSTS
'Q' SWITCH SO THAT
RANDOM LASER BEAMS SHOOT
TOWARDS GUARDS.

REALISING THEY ARE
CUT OFF FROM THE
TARDIS, THE DOCTOR
SIGNALS THAT THEY
SHOULD RETREAT DOWN
CORRIDOR INTO THE GLOOM
OF THE PRISON INTERIOR.

AS ONE GUARD
ADVANCES BEFORE
THE REST HE IS
OBLITERATED BY A
FORCE BEAM)

30. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF ON VIDEO
LINK TO PRISON
CONTROL)

CHIEF: Kill laser connection!

31. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR.

(GUARD PATROL CAR
NEARBY TARDIS.

LASER BEAMS FROM
GRILLE SNAP OUT.

GUARD PATROL CAR
TRAVELS DOWN
CORRIDOR IN
PURSUIT OF THE
DOCTOR)

32. INT. CELL.

(ARAK STARING AT
VIDEO SCREEN WITH
EXCITEMENT AS CAR
PURSUES THE
DOCTOR, FIRING
ENERGY WEAPONS
THAT THROW BARS
OF FORCE THAT
ILLUMINATE THE
GLOOMY CORRIDORS)

33. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(JONDAR LEANING
EXHAUSTED AGAINST
WALL.

THE DOCTOR COMES
BACK TO JOIN HIM)

PERI: We've run into a dead
end ...

JONDAR: No matter ... I can't
go on much further.

PERI: Nor me ...

(THE DOCTOR LOOKING
UP AT A CAMERA
THAT IS GLOWING
ABOVE)

THE DOCTOR: What is this
place?

JONDAR: An ordinary prison
once ... (LISTENS) There's
a patrol car coming. You run
on ... I'll try and hold
them up ...

(LIFTS CHAINS ON
HIS WRISTS)

I thought there was an escape
cell down here ... sorry ...

THE DOCTOR: Let's try and
create a little difficulty for
our uniformed friends should
we ...

(THE DOCTOR TRACES
POWER CABLE ON
T.V. SCANNER,
SCOOPS OUT A HOLLOW
BEHIND CABLE,
INSERTS JONDAR'S
CHAIN THROUGH
BEHIND CABLE)

JONDAR: Why should you want
to help me?

THE DOCTOR: You're the only
one we've encountered who
hasn't tried to destroy us.
Now, pull ... pull!

(THEY PULL CABLE
CLEAR, CAMERA
FALLS AND SMASHES.

SPARKS OF POWER
FLARE.

THE DOCTOR LIFTS
CABLE AND CONNECTS
IT TO MONORAIL
TRACTION BOX.

SYSTEM SHORTS,
LIGHTS GO OUT)

34. INT. ADJOINING CORRIDOR.

(GUARDS CAR HALTED
BY POWER FAILURE.

THEY LIGHT BATTERY
TORCHES AND
CAUTIOUSLY CLIMB
OUT AND ADVANCE
AWAY FROM CAR)

35. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF AND BAX.

SCREENS DARK)

CHIEF: Where's that emergency
lighting ...?

36. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR, JONDAR
AND PERI LOOKING
UP AS LIGHTING
FLICKERS ON AND
OFF.)

JONDAR FEELS ALONG
WALLS SEARCHING
FOR A CONCEALED
ENTRANCE)

JONDAR: No.

PERI: Every corridor seems
the same ...

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
ABOUT HIM THEN A
WALL SLIDES OPEN
BEHIND HIM.)

A WOMAN'S ARM
TOUCHES DOCTOR
AND BECKONS THEM
INSIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Well, if you
insist.

(THEY GO THROUGH
THE ENTRANCE, WALL
SLIDES CLOSED
BEHIND THEM)

37. INT. PRISON CORRIDOR.

(LIGHTS FLICKER
ON AGAIN AS GUARDS
TURN CORNER ONLY
TO FIND THE AREA
EMPTY.

THEY PAUSE IN
PUZZLEMENT.

THEN START TO
TRAVEL DOWN
CORRIDOR, GUNS
AT THE READY)

38. INT. DISUSED CORRIDOR.

(OTHER SIDE OF
WALL PANEL.

ARETA AND JONDAR
EMBRACE BRIEFLY)

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) I thought
we'd lost you ... they set up
your execution so quickly we
couldn't stage even an attempt
at a rescue ...

JONDAR: I thought ... (INDICATES
THE DOCTOR) he was sent by
you ...

ARETA: No ...

(JONDAR, PUZZLED,
TURNS TO THE DOCTOR
ENQUIRINGLY)

THE DOCTOR: I will explain ...
but I would sooner leave
whatever this place is first
to return to the safety of my
Tardis ...

JONDAR: Tar...?

THE DOCTOR: Ship.

JONDAR: Spaceship?

PERI: Something like that ...

(RONDEL, WHO IS
DRESSED IN A GUARD'S
UNIFORM, JOINS THEM)

ARETA: Rondel here has agreed
to help us escape through the
guards entrance.

RONDEL: We mustn't wait, I
must report for guard duty
soon. I will show you where
to hide and will try to lead
you out later.

THE DOCTOR: Do we wish to
leave?

PERI: Yes!

ARETA: We must.

JONDAR: This is a disused
section of the main punishment
dome where the innocent are
tortured while the population
gloats at our efforts to
survive this terrible place
...

RONDEL: Not all enjoy ...
some of us seek to help.

JONDAR: Yes. But mostly
this world is one of fear
with the spectacle of death
the only entertainment.
Varos was a prison planet
once - a colony for the
criminal and insane. The
descendants of the original
officers still rule. The
rest of us toil and exist
without hope.

THE DOCTOR: But you have
precious mineral deposits ...
Zeiton Seven ...

JONDAR: That stuff ... who
wants it?

THE DOCTOR: (THOUGHTFULLY) I
wouldn't say no to a little ...

RONDEL: We must go ...

(CAUTIOUSLY RONDEL
STARTS TO SLIDE
BACK PANEL IN
WALL GLANCING UP
AND DOWN CORRIDOR.

HE MOTIONS TO
OTHERS AND LEADS
THEM FROM CORRIDOR
JUST AS A PATROL
CAR TURNS THE CORNER,
GUARDS IN CAR SEE
RONDEL AND THE
OTHERS JUST ABOUT
TO ENTER THE CORRIDOR.

GUNS FIRE FROM
PATROL CAR.

RONDEL FALLS.

OTHERS HURRY BACK
THROUGH GAP IN WALL
AND RUN AWAY ALONG
DISUSED CORRIDOR.

AFTER A MOMENT
GUARDS FOLLOW)

39. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA
WATCHING THE
DOCTOR'S PARTY
BEING CHASED BY
GUARDS)

ARAK: (TO SCREEN) Hide ...
hide!

ETTA: They'll get them before
the junction ...

ARAK: No ... no ... this
batch of rebos are good ...

ETTA: 'Specially that one
in the funny clothes.

40. INT. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(THE DOCTOR, PERI,
JONDAR AND ARETA
PRESSED UP AGAINST
A WALL IN AN ALCOVE.

PATROL CAR LIGHTS
SWEEPING BY.

THEY RELAX)

THE DOCTOR: (TO JONDAR) The
cameras ... the one I destroyed
... they feed pictures from
here into every home?

JONDAR: The whole dome is
wired ... areas of ingenious
danger lurk round every
corner ... you can die in
so many varied and spectacular
ways.

ARETA: The cruellest thing
is that there is supposed to
be a safe route ... leading
towards an exit ... freedom
...

THE DOCTOR: If we can get back
to my Tardis we can escape
from here much more easily ...

JONDAR: How?

PERI: Find our way back and
The Doctor will be delighted
to demonstrate.

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) Do you
know where we are?

JONDAR: Near the purple zone
... adjoining the interrogation
and execution area ...

ARETA: Is there another way
back to this ... this ...

THE DOCTOR: Tardis ...

ARETA: (TO JONDAR) Is there?

JONDAR: Not without trans-
versing the purple zone ...

ARETA: (SHIVERS) Then we're
trapped. Good as dead.

THE DOCTOR: Not yet. Come
on, let's see what this
purple patch entails.
(MOVES AWAY)

JONDAR: (TO PERI) Is he sane,
this Doctor?

PERI: Sometimes.

THE DOCTOR: (CALLING BACK)
Peri, this is no time for
casual conversation.

PERI: Coming ...

THE DOCTOR: Let's go through
... quickly ... quickly, the
Guards must return soon ...!

JONDAR: All right. We'll
try ...

(JONDAR TAKES
ARETA'S HAND.

ALL FOUR WALK
ALONG A CORRIDOR
THAT CHANGES TO
A PURPLE LIGHT
AS THEY ENTER)

41. INT. CELL.

(ARAK STARING AT
SCREEN AS THE DOCTOR
AND OTHERS WALK
INTO PURPLE ZONE)

ARAK: I like this section ...
(CHORTLES) Wonder if they know
what's waitin'?

ETTA: This'll sort them out ...

ARAK: Yeh, pity, they were doin'
well.

42. INT. PURPLE ZONE.

(THE DOCTOR, JONDAR,
PERI AND ARETA
WALKING.

SUDDENLY THE SOUND
OF FEARSOME BUZZING
SOUNDS BEARS DOWN
UPON THEM.

THEY COWER BACK
AGAINST THE WALL.

SHOW AS THEIR POV
THE SIGHT OF A
HUGE FEARSOME INSECT.

PERI SCREAMS AS IT
FILLS THE SCREENS)

43. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA
CRYING WITH LAUGHTER
BEFORE THEIR SCREEN.

POINTING AT THE DOCTOR
AND OTHERS ON SCREEN)

44. IN. PURPLE ZONE.

(PERI, ARETA AND
JONDAR FLATTENED
AGAINST WALL.

FEARSOME BUZZ GROWING
LOUDER.

WIDE-EYED AND
TRANSFIXED WITH FEAR
THEY STARE AHEAD.

THE DOCTOR TOO IS
MESMERISED BUT HE
FINALLY FORCES HIS
EYES TO CLOSE)

THE DOCTOR: Yes, that's it, of
course! Close your eyes.
Close ... close them!

PERI: I can't.

THE DOCTOR: Where are you?

PERI: Nearly opposite ...

(THE DOCTOR, EYES
CLOSED, FEELS FOR
HER FACE.

FINDS IT, COVERS
HER EYES)

THE DOCTOR: Close your eyes now,
Peri, keep them shut tight!
(cont ...)

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(JONDAR FORCES HIS
EYES TO CLOSE AND
COVERS ARETA IN
THE SAME WAY AS
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) All join
hands ... keep eyes closed ...
now walk slowly, slowly ...

(THEY GROPE THEIR
WAY FORWARD OUT
OF THE PURPLE ZONE)

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45. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(SIL, CHIEF AND
BAX WATCHING MAIN
MONITOR SCREEN AS
THE DOCTOR LEADS
OTHERS TO SAFETY)

SIL: He's not a fool, your
intruder ...

BAX: Perhaps just lucky ...

CHIEF: Or he has received
information on how the Dome works...
there was a Guard helping them.

BAX: The Prison contains many
devices, no one could know or
survive them all.

SIL: They do not act or seem
like Varosians. They could be
from a rival company, the
AMORB Prospect Division. I
would want the strangers removed
for questioning.

CHIEF: Get me a line to Internal
Prison Control ...

BAX: Yes, Chief.

SIL: Then check on that object
found near the execution chamber.
Have it brought here at once.

45. INT. PURPLE ZONE.

(THE DOCTOR LEADING
PERI, ARETA AND
JONDAR THROUGH ZONE.

AS THEY EMERGE
THE PURPLE LIGHT
FADES.

CAUTIOUSLY THE DOCTOR
OPENS HIS EYES THEN
RELAXES WITH SOME
RELIEF)

PERI: What was that thing we
saw, a creature from my worst
imaginings ... (SHIVERS)

THE DOCTOR: It might ... in fact...
ah, there it is ... got you!

(PERI STARTS WITH
FRIGHT AS THE DOCTOR
SLAPS HIS HANDS
AGAINST A WALL,
THEN CUPS HIS HANDS,
A TINY BUZZ IS HEARD.

ARETA EXAMINES IT)

ARETA: A gee-jee fly, but it
was huge ...

THE DOCTOR: We thought it was.
I don't quite understand how but
what we saw was a distortion of
our perceptions. This little
fly seemed enlarged by our faculty
vision. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) When the purple light was eliminated we returned to a sense of proper proportion. Interesting ...

(SCANS WALLS AND
CEILING THOUGHTFULLY)

PERI: (TO JONDAR) Is everything we experience here like that?

JONDAR: Some dangers are very real. The crowd loves to watch trialists face a danger they believe to be imaginary. The viewers applaud and shout with laughters as we poor fools walks confidently towards certain maiming and death.

THE DOCTOR: Who loves to watch?

JONDAR: Almost everyone on Varos. It's the way the officers divert discontent, questions, thoughts of revolution.

THE DOCTOR: But not everyone. Not you.

JONDAR: What good does it do. We will perish here for their entertainment.

" THE DOCTOR: I've no intention of doing either. C'mon let's see what else this Fun Place has to offer.

(THE DOCTOR LEADS
THEM AWAY DOWN AN
INCREASINGLY DARKENED
CORRIDOR.

SUDDENLY TWO HUGE
MALEVOLENT GREEN
EYES APPEAR FOLLOWED
BY A DEEP FEARSOME
RUMBLING ANIMAL ROAR.

THE DOCTOR AND OTHERS
HALT AND TAKE A
STEP BACK.

PERI AND ARETA
WRINKLE THEIR NOSES,
TURN THEIR HEADS)

PERI: What a stench!

ARETA: Ugh!

JONDAR: Animal ...

THE DOCTOR: Real or imaginary?

(CLOSES HIS EYES,
SNIFFS)

Just as loathsome ... the niff
is certainly not illusion, or
is it?

JONDAR: Just like Commdivdesign
to site a real live monster
immediately beyond an imaginary
one.

THE DOCTOR: Or is that exactly
how they would expect us to
reason?

(THEY PAUSE UNCERTAINLY)

One way to find out.

(HE WALKS FORWARD)

PERI: Doctor ... no.

(GOES TO RUN
AFTER HIM.

ARETA RESTRAINS HER.

AS THE DOCTOR
REACHES THE MONSTROUS
EYES ANOTHER BELLOWING
ROAR IS HEARD.

HE ADVANCES AND
FINDS THE EYES
ARE BUT TWO GREEN
LIGHTS RIGGED ON
EITHER SIDE OF THE
CORRIDOR)

THE DOCTOR: Come on ... it's
all right ... it's lights ...
green lights ... two ...

(THE OTHERS JOIN
HIM.

THE DOCTOR EXAMINES
WALL.

FINDS A GRILLE IN
WALL, TESTS AIR
FLOW)

Here's the air pump ... sending
out the 'sweet' aroma. How do
they activate? Something must
trigger these little delights.

JONDAR: Let's get on ... we
must be nearby to where I was
to be laserised.

PERI: And the Tardis ...

(THEY HURRY AAWAY)

47. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(BAX WATCHING
THE DOCTOR AND
OTHERS WALKING ALONG
CORRIDOR.

BAX POINTS AT
THE DOCTOR)

BAX: The viewpop like them.
We've received very good punch-in
appreciation figures.

CHIEF: Good. All the more
impact when they are captured,
tried, executed. A rebo leader,
his woman and intruders from
another world. Not only prime
time here but the recording
of their final agonies should
sell on every civilised world.

48. INT. PRISON DOME. CORRIDOR JUNCTION.

(PERI, THE DOCTOR
ARETA AND JONDAR
PASSING THE
ABANDONED RIBE
GRILLE)

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis should
be ...

(BEGINS TO TURN
CORNER)

PERI: Just here ...

(THE DOCTOR'S POV
SHOWING ONLY
ANOTHER EMPTY
CORRIDOR)

THE DOCTOR: It was just here ...

ARETA: Your ship has gone?

THE DOCTOR: It most certainly has.

JONDAR: Where?

PERI: We must find it!

THE DOCTOR: It must be around
somewhere ... Come on, come on,
it has to be found!

(MOVES AWAY URGENTLY,
OTHERS FOLLOW)

49. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF, GOVERNOR,
BAX, SIL.

TARDIS STANDING.

TECHNICIAN WITH
LASER DRILL GIVING
UP HIS ATTEMPTS
TO ENTER TARDIS.

HE SHAKES HIS HEAD
AT CHIEF OFFICER
AND SIL)

SIL: This mysterious most is ...

CHIEF: There's an explanation.
The strangers there (INDICATES
SCREEN) will be captured soon,
then we'll force some answers ...

SIL: Who are other people
helping rebels? If he should
be of another mining corporation,
our contracts are ended.

GOVERNOR: No. He is unknown
to us ...

SIL: I would wish them dead.
Only that would please my
company!

GOVERNOR: Close them out,
Chief ... use every Guard
available. (cont ...)

- 1/86 -

GOVERNOR: (cont) I'll talk to
the people ... (TO BAX) Arrange
it quickly.

BAX: What about this? (INDICATES
TARDIS)

GOVERNOR: Keep trying to open it.

(TECHNICIAN RESUMES
HIS ATTEMPTS TO
FORCE AN ENTRY)

- 86 -

50. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR, PERI,
JONDAR AND ARETA
SEARCHING FOR TARDIS.

GUARD PATROL CAR
COMES AROUND CORNER.

THEY RUN AND REACH
A JUNCTION OF
CORRIDORS.

PERI, JONDAR AND
ARETA TAKE ONE.

THE DOCTOR, SLIGHTLY
BEHIND, GOES DOWN THE
OTHER.

GUARDS CAR GOES
DOWN CORRIDOR TAKEN
BY PERI, JONDAR AND
ARETA)

- 1/88 -

51. INT. CELL.

(ARAK AND ETTA
WATCHING SCREEN)

ARAK: They've had it now!

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52. INT. CORRIDOR.

(PERI, JONDAR AND
ARETA AT A DEAD
END. HOLDING UP
THEIR HANDS AS PATROL
CAR STOPS AND GUARDS
SPILL OUT TO CAPTURE
THEM, INCLUDING RONDEL.

HE CROSSES TO PERI
AND STRIKES HER HAND
ACROSS THE FACE)

GUARD: Make a fool of me, would
you? (TO OTHER GUARDS) Take
her to the Communication Centre.
The others to the termination
cell.

(THEY ARE BUNDLED
OFF)

53. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR RUNNING.
STOPPING, WIPING
PERSPIRATION FROM HIS
FOREHEAD. BLINKING
AS A BLINDING WHITE
LIGHT COMES UP IN
CORRIDOR.

HE GOES TO RETURN THE
WAY HE HAS ENTERED BUT
A STEEL PARTITION SLIDES
ACROSS BARRING HIS EXIT.

THE DOCTOR SHIELDS HIS
EYES AND BEGINS TO MOVE
FORWARD. SOUNDS OF A
WIND BEGIN TO BE HEARD)

54. INT. CELL.

(ETTA AND ARAK WATCHING
THE DOCTOR ON SCREEN)

ETTA: Oh dear, and I was
just beginning to like him.

(THE DOCTOR'S IMAGE
FADES FROM SCREEN
AND IS REPLACED BY THAT
OF GOVERNOR)

ARAK: Oh, no what's he
want ...?

ETTA: Shut up and listen!

55. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR AT HIS
DESK FACING TELEVISION
CAMERA AND ADDRESSING
THE POPULATION)

GOVERNOR: I must report that the attempt to divert the course of justice has been repelled. The rebel and his compatriots have either been captured or destroyed. The extent of the rebellion is greater than feared and help from another source, perhaps from another world, is suspected. The vehicle of their transport is now in the possession of my Officer Guard. The leader of the Invaders is at this moment walking into a no-options kill centre, there he will suffer the fate of all who seek to overturn the law of Varos.

56. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR WALKING,
WIND INCREASING, THE
DOCTOR TAKES OFF HIS
JACKET, LOOKS AHEAD,
SEES A DESERT LANDSCAPE
WITH SAND BLOWING.

THE DOCTOR RUBS HIS
EYES. GASPS FOR BREATH.
WIND INCREASES)

57. INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

(GOVERNOR BEFORE
SCREEN)

GOVERNOR: I ask you to vote
now upon my campaign to halt
insurrection. I await your
verdict, 'yes' and the
rebellion will be crushed. 'No'
and no doubt another Governor
will have other plans ...

(WAITS TENSELY, HCD
POURS DOWN YELLOW LIGHT
AND GOVERNOR RELAXES
AND SMILES)

Thank you.

58. INT. CORRIDOR.

(INCREASE IN LIGHT
INTENSITY AS THE
DOCTOR PROGRESSES,
SOUND OF OPPRESSIVE
WIND BECOMES LOUDER
AND LOUDER.

THE DOCTOR SHIELDS
HIS EYES AND GASPS
FOR BREATH.

PERSPIRING HEAVILY
HE SWAYS FROM SIDE
TO SIDE)

- 1/96 -

TELECINE 1:

Using library
film, we see a
massive all embracing
sandstorm.

- 96 -

59. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR EXPERIENCING
SANDSTORM. (ALTHOUGH
THERE IS NO REAL SAND
OR EFFECT OF STORM,
IN THE DOCTOR'S
HALLUCINATION, HE
EXPERIENCES THE EFFECTS
AS IF THEY WERE
OCCURRING)

THE DOCTOR WIPES
EYES, STAGGERS ON
AGAINST THE HOWLING,
SEARING WIND.

HE IS IN AGONY)

- 1/98 -

60. INT. CELL.

(ARAK ROARING WITH
LAUGHTER AT THE
DOCTOR'S PROGRESS
ON VIDEO WALL SCREEN)

- 98 -

61. INT. CORRIDOR.

(WIND AND LIGHT.

THE DOCTOR FALLING
TO HIS KNEES.
CRAWLING ON STUBBORNLY.
GASPING FOR BREATH.
STARING OUT)

TELECINE 2:

Using library
film, desert scene
as before.

Then SUPERIMPOSE
an image of PERI
with a tray, glasses
and a carafe of water.

- 1/101 -

62. INT. CORRIDOR.

(THE DOCTOR STUMBLES
TOWARDS PERI)

THE DOCTOR: Peri?

(BUT THERE IS NOTHING
THERE)

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63. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(CHIEF, GOVERNOR, SIL,
WATCHING SCREEN ON
WHICH THE DOCTOR IS
CRAWLING.

THE GOVERNOR ENTERS)

SIL: (TO GOVERNOR) Just in
time.

CHIEF: What a wonderful thing
a man's mind is ... the
hallucinatory inductor makes him
believe he cannot survive ...
and soon he cannot even draw
one breath after the next.

SIL: It is a very fine joke.

(CACKLES HIS
EQUIVALENT OF
LAUGHTER)

CHIEF: What is to be done with
this, sir? (INDICATES THE TARDIS)
All our best cutting equipment
can make little impression.

GOVERNOR: That's your problem,
Chief.

(CHIEF LOOKS AT THE
TARDIS, PERPLEXED)

64. INT. CELL.

(THE DOCTOR GASPING
AND CHOKING ON SCREEN.

ARAK AND ETTA WATCHING.

ARAK PURSES HIS DRY
LIPS)

ARAK: We got anything to
drink?

65. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(GOVERNOR, BAX,
CHIEF, SIL WATCHING
SCREEN.

THEY TURN AS GUARDS
ENTER WITH PERI,

PERI, SEEING THE
DOCTOR ON SCREEN)

PERI: Doctor!

GOVERNOR: Keep quiet, we're
recording. (TURNS BACK TO
SCREEN) The moment approaches.
(TO BAX) Close-up on death
throes, please.

(BAX ADJUSTS SWITCHES.

THE DOCTOR COMES INTO
BCU HEAVING AND CHOKING)

66. INT. CORRIDOR.

(LIGHT AT MAXIMUM
INTENSITY.

HOWL OF SIMOON WIND
AT ITS HEIGHT.

THE DOCTOR ON FLOOR,
CHOKING FOR BREATH.

HE HEAVES ONCE-TWICE
THEN STOPS. STIFFENS,
DIES)

67. INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE.

(SIL, GOVERNOR,
CHIEF, BAX WATCHING
THE DOCTOR'S IMMOBILE
IMAGE ON SCREEN.

PERI SOBBING)

BAX: No sign of life, sir.

SIL: Dead as death! (LAUGHS)

BAX: (TO GOVERNOR) How long
should I hold ...?

GOVERNOR: Cut it now!

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT